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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Nice Wanton

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1560
[*B.M. Press-mark C.* 12, *e.* 20]

Date of another Edition, printed by John Allde (*also reproduced in facsimile in this series*), *c.* 1565
[*B.M. Press-mark C.* 34, *i.* 24]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Nice Wanton

1560

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by

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LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

GENERAL

Nice Wanton

Another edition of this interlude printed (*according to the B.M. General Catalogue*) c. 1565 *has already been issued in facsimile in this series, the original having turned up amongst three hitherto "lost plays," four "unknown editions," and other rarities in the notable "Irish find" of* 1906.

There is ample proof that the British Museum authorities did well to secure all "the lost" and all "the unknown." The edition of "Nice Wanton" then recovered is, for example, of supreme importance in restoring lacunæ, *correcting errors* (*not always obvious*) *of the press, and most important of all, in providing better and intelligible readings of many rough-cast, doubtful, obscure and* (*sometimes*) *unmeaning passages in the edition as printed by John King and now presented in facsimile.* King's craftmanship is no doubt slovenly—*

* *I instance a few examples as specimens of many :—*

(1) A. iii. verso, *line* 10, Gupliade, my chyldren naught, ye lye, *in Allde's edition this is correctly given as* Gup Lady, *&c. &c. Previous editors were puzzled: Hazlitt correctly gave King's reading, but printed* "Gup liar," *&c.; Prof. Manly's copyist wrote* "Eupliade" (*the Gothic* G *is broken*), *which he "edited" as* "Eulalia," *&c. &c.*

(2) A. iiii. recto, *lines* 16, 17, Well, it is no matter Though ye do, *&c. Allde corrects this to* Well . . . Though you doo not, *&c., an important and intelligible variation.*

(3) A. ib. verso, *last line but one,* Here firs, come on seuen, *in Allde corrected to* Heer six come on seuen; *which, as dicing is in progress, is obviously the true reading.*

And so forth throughout the play in numerous cases.

also, to wit, is "Impatient Poverty" printed by him, as was this play, in 1560—*but so careless is his work and so curious are the variations between King's text and that of John Allde on the one hand, and so marked, on the other hand, is the general "polish" of the Allde version, that one is tempted to suspect an earlier edition than both, at present unknown, as the common source of the two texts now extant. The topical allusions also merit comparison in this connection. Professor Manly in his "Pre-Shakesperean Drama" (I.* 479, *lines* 545–552 *and note) points out that "from the rhymes* [i.e. *of the prayer at the end,* C. ii. recto, *lines* 16–23] . . . *this play was originally composed for production before a King," whereas the earliest known edition is dated* 2 *Elizabeth. This contention is curiously confirmed by the reading in Allde's edition* (q.v.). *Professor Manly says "written before the death of Edward VI.," but internal evidence*—inter alia *the oath "by the masse"* (passim)—*seems to indicate a still earlier date.*

So far the questions of editions and dates: that of authorship remains. "Nice Wanton" has sometimes been attributed to Thomas Ingelend, the author of "The Disobedient Child," but nothing definite is known. Of Ingelend himself there is also little to say beyond the fact that when he wrote that play he was "late Student in Cambridge."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports the production as generally excellent. If the "Allde" facsimile (sent out to subscribers early in

March 1907) *be compared with the present issue it will be observed that the latter is, though worse printed in the original, sharper and clearer. This is due to the more suitable paper now used for these facsimiles, though here and there a slight unevenness of "impression" may be detected: see Note in Introduction of "Like Will to Like."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

UNIVERSITY

A Pretty Interlude called, Nice Wanton.

(:*:*:)

Wherein ye may see,
Three braunces of an yll tree,
The mother and her chyldren three,
Two naught, and one godlye.

Early sharpe, that wyll be thorne,
Soone yll, that wyll be naught:
To be naught, better vnborne,
Better vnfed, then naughtely taught.

Ut magnum magnos, pueros puerilia decent.

Personages.

The Messenger.

Barnabas.	Iniquitie bayly errand.
Ismael.	Fantipe.
Dalila.	Worldly shame.
Eulalia.	Daniel the iudge.

Anno Domini.
M.D.L.F.
(:*:)

¶ The Prologue.

THe prudent Prince Salomon, doth say,
He that spareth the rod, the child doth hate
He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alwaye.
By correction in tyme at reasonable rate,
To be taught to fear god, and theyr parents obey
To get learning and qualities, thereby to maintain
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway,
To gods law and the kynges, for it is certayne.
If children be nosled in idlenes and yll,
And brought up therin, it is hard to restrayne,
And draw them from natural wont euyll,
As here in thys Interlude, ye shall se playne.
By two children brought up wantonly in play,
whom ỹ mother doth extreme, whe she shuld chastise
They delyte in dalliance and mischief alway.
At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse.
The mother perswaded by worldly shame;
That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,
So penlife, so sorowfull, for theyr death, she became,
That in despaire she would slea her self with a knife
Then her sonne Barnabas, (by interpretacyon,
The sonne of comfort,) her all purpose do stay,
By the scriptures he geueth her godly consolation
And so concludeth, all these partes wyll we playe.

Barnabas commeth.

My mayster in my lesson yester day,
Dyd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus, Barnabas.
man is prone to euil, frō hys youth, did he say
Wych sentence may wel be verified in vs
My sister, my brother, and sister Dalila,
whom our parentes to theyr cost to scoole do synde
I tary for them here, time palleth away,
I loose my learnyng, they euer loyter behynde.
If I go before, they do me threate,
To complayne to my mother, sir for theyr fare,
Being her tender tidlynges, wyll me beate:
Lorde, in thys perplexite ye, what way shall I take:
what wyl become of them: grace god them sende, Ismael
To apply their learnyng, and theyr maners amend. Dalila
Here we comen, and here we louen, cometh
And here we will abide abyde ay. eyng.
Fye brother fye, & specyally your sister Dalila, Barnabas.
Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway
what ye dolt ye be euer in one songe: Dalila
yea sir it shall cost you blowes ere it be longe: Ismael
Be ye not ashamed the treasaundes to play? Barnabas.
Losing your time & learning, & that euery day
Lernyng bringeth knowledge of god, & honest liuing
yea mary, I warrant you, master hodypeke, (to ge- Dalila
Learne a pace syster, and after to spyn and sowe, Barnabas.
And other honest huswifely poyntes to knowe.
Spyn quod he, yea by ꝑ masse, & ye youre heles by Ismael
for a good mouse hunt: is cat after kynd (wynd.
Lewd spekyng corrupteth good maners S. Paule Barnabas.
Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day (doeth say.
I shal be shent for tarying so longe, Barnabas
goeth out.

Ismael Go get the hence, thy mouth full of horse donge.
Now pretty syster, what sport shall we devyse?
Thus pastyng to soole, I thynke vs vnwyse
In sommer dye for thyrst, in wynter for colde,
And styl to liue in feare of a churle, who would?

Balila. Not I by the masse, I had rather be hanged were
Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare
I am sonne burned in sommer, in winter the colde,
Maketh my limmes grosse, and my beauty decay,
If I should vse it, as they would I should,
I should neuer be fayre woman I dare say.

Ismael No syster no, but I can tell,
Where we shal haue good chiere,
Lusty companyons two or three,
At good wyne, ale and biere.

Balila. Oh good brother let vs go,
I wyll neuer go more to to soole,
Shall I neuer knowe,
What pastyme meaneth?
yes, I wyll not be suche a soole.

Ismael Haue with the Balila,
Fare well our soole,
They ralle aye their beg. Away with boke and all,
I wyll set my heart,
On a mery pynne,
What euer shall be fall.

Balila. Lorde what folly is in youth?
How vnhappy be chyldren now a dayes?
And the more pitye, to say the truth.
Their parentes mainteyn them in euyll wayes:
Which is a great cause that the world decayes,
For chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play,

Vnthrifty

vnthrifty and disobedient, continue alway.

A neyghbour of myne hath chyldren here by,
idle, disobedyent, proude, wanton and nyce.
As they come by, they do shrewed turnes daily,
Their parentes so to suffer them surely, be not wise
They laugh me to scorne, whē I tel thē mine aduise,
I will speake vnto their elders & warne thē neighbourly
Neuer in better tyme, their mother is here by,

God saue you gossyp, I am very layne,
That you chaunce now to come thys way,
I longe to talke with you a word or twayne,
I pray you take it frendly that I shall say:
I smael your sonne, and your daughter Dalila.
Do me shrewde turnes, dayly more and more,
Chide and beat my chyldren, it greueth me sore.

They sweare, curse & scold, as they go by ẏ way,
Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,
To gods displeasure, and theyr hurt an other day,
Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame:

Tusshe tusshe, if ye haue no more then that to saye, Pātipp
ye maye holde your tonge and get ye awaye,
Alas poore soules, they sit a scoole all day,
In feare of a churle, & yt a lytle they play,
He beateth them lyke a deuyl: when they come home
your mestreshyp would haue me lay on,
If I should beate them so oft as men complayne,
By ẏ masse vi in this month, I shuld make thē lame

We not offended I pray you, I must say more, Eulalia.
your sonne is suspect, lyght fyngered to be,
your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure,
Se to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see,
He that spareth the rod, hateth the chyld truely,

yet Salomon lowe correction both meane,
Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame:
tippe God thanke you mestres, I am well at ease
Such a foole to teache me, preachyng as he pleaſe,
Dame ye bely̆e them deadly I know playne,
Becauſe they go handſomly̆e ye diſdayne,
alia. Then on the other as well would I complayne,
But your other ſonne is good, and no thanke to you
Thele wyll ye make naught by ſwete Jeſu.
tippe Gupliade, my chyldren naught ye lye,
By your malyce they ſhall not ſet a flye,
I haue but one meme, in comparyſon of hys brother
Him the foole prayſeth, and deſpiſeth the other.
alia. well Tantippe, better in time, then to late,
Seing ye take it ſo, here my leaue I take. Exit.
tippe Mary good leaue haue ye, the grete god be wt you
My chyldren or I be curſt I thinke,
They be complayned on where euer they go,
That for they̆r pleaſure they might drynke.
Nay by thys the poor ſoules be come frō ferle wery,
I will go get them meate to make them merry,
niqui. Lo, lo, here I bringer (Iniquitie, Ismael,
ſmael what is the nowe ye haue her? (and Dalila, comein
alila. I fully myndyon louer. (together.
niqui. For no golde wyll I gyue her
l together welcome my hony ay.
niqui. Dy my heart. Here he ſpeaketh,
Thys wenche can ſynge,
And play her parte,
alila. I am yours (and you mine) with all my harte.
niqui. By the maſſe it is well ſonge,
were ye not ſory ye were a mayd ſo longe?

Fye maister iniquitie fye, I am a mayd yet, Dalila
No sister no, your maidenhead is sicke: Ismael
That knaue your brother wyl be a blabbe styl, Iniqui
I wisse Dalila ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil.
By him quod he, he hath whores two or three, Dalila
But ich a tell your minion doll, by gogs body:
It skylleth not she doth holde you as muche
ye lye falsly, she wyll play me no suche touche, Ismael
Not she, yes to do your heart good Dalila
I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.
Peace whore, or ye beare me a bore an theare, Ismael
Here is mine eare knaue, stryke and thou dare, Dalila
To suffer him thus ye be no man,
If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one,
To set so litle by me, ye were not wont,
Well, it is no matter,
Though ye do ceteri nolunt.
Peace Dalila, speake ye latyn poore foole, Iniqui
No no, but a prouerbe I learned at scoole. Dalila
yea syster, you went to scole til ye were nyll grace Ismael
yea, so dydst thou by thy knaues face, Dalila
Well, no more a do, let all thys go, Iniqui
We kinsfolke must be frendes, it must be so.
Come on come on come on, He casteth dice on the bord.
Here they be, that wyll do vs al good,
If ye vse it long, your hear wil grow throught your Ismael
Come on knaue with chrystes curse, Iniqui
I must haue some of the mony,
Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse,
Be, by the masse if he can get his purse, Dalila
Now wayte then he maketh it by halfe the worse.
I desire you both whore and knaue, Ismael

niqui. What ye prynckockes, begin ye to raue?
Come on.
alila. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,
I wyll play a crowne or two here by your sleeue
smael. Then be ye seruaunt to a worshypfull man.
Mayster Iniquitie, a right name by saint John.
alila. What can ye say by mayster Iniquitie?
I loue hym and his name most hertely,
niqui. God a mercy Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the,
e kisseth her. I wil shryue you both by and by,
smael Come on, but fyrst let vs haue a songe,
alila. I am content, so that it be not longe.

Iniquitie and Dalila singe.

niqui. Golde lockes,
She must haue knockes,
Or els I do her wronge,
alila. When ye haue your wyl,
ye were best lye styll,
The winter nightes be longe
niqui. When I me may,
In other assay,
I wyl take it for no wronge:
alila. Then by the roode,
A bone in your hoode.
I shall put ere it be longe.
smael She machetly you sira.
niqui. By gogs bloud she is the best whore in England.
alila. It is knauishly prayed, gyue me your hand,
niqui. I woud thou haddes suche in other,
smael By the masse rather then .xl. pound brother.
niqui. Here sirs, come on seuen. They fet him.
I leaue en at all.

Do

Do ye nyche bs be knaue your noly. Ismā
Ten myne Iniqi
Syre myne, Ismā
Haue at it. and it were for all my fathers kyne, castith
It is lost by his woundes, and ten to one,
Take the dice Dalila, cast on. Iniqu
Come on kyne, (she casteth, & they set. Dalil
Thryue at fayrest.
Sup whore, and I at rest, Ismā
Bi gogs bloud, I wene god & the deuyl be agenst me he loseth
If thone forsake the, thother wyll take the, Iniqu
Then is he a good felow, I would not passe, Ismae
So that I myght beare a rule in hell by the masse,
to tosse fierbrandes at these penyfathers pates,
I would be porter and receiue them at the gates,
In boyling lead & brimston, I wold sethe thē ech one
The knaues haue al ꝑ mony, good felows haue none
Play brother, haue ye lost all your money now? Dalila
yea, I thanke that knaue and suche a whore as ꝑ, Ismae
Tis no marter, I wyll haue money or I wil swete,
By gogs bloud I wyll robbe the next I mete.
yea, and it be my father. (he goeth out.
Thou boy, by the masse ye wyl clyme the ladder, Iniqui
Ah sira, I loue a wenche that can be wylye;
She perceyued my mind, with a twinke of myne eie,
If we two play boody on any man,
We wyll make him as bare as Job anone,
Wel Dalila, let se what ye haue won,
Sir, I had. x. shillinges when I begon, Dalila.
And here is all, euery farthyng, They tell
ye lye lyke a whoore, ye haue won a pound, Iniqui.
Then lye deuyll stryke me to the grounde, Dalila.

Iniqui. I will kele your pocket, by your leaue mestres,
Dalila. I way knaue, not mine by the masse,
Iniqui. yes bi god, & geue you this to boot, he geueth her
Dalila. Out horeson knaue, I beshrew thy hert root (a box
wilt thou rob me & beat me to?
Iniqui. In the way of correction but a blowe or two,
Dalila. Correct thy dogges thou shalt not beate me,
I wyl make your knaues flesshe cut I warrant the,
se thynke I haue no frendes, yes I haue in store,
I good felow or two percaunce more.
she goeth out. yea, by the masse they shall bore you for this geare,
Iniqui. A knaue I found the, a knaue I leaue the here.
Sup whore, do ye heare this lade?
Louing when is pleased,
when she is angry thus shrewd,
Thief bother, syller whore,
Two grasses of an yll tree,
I wyl tary no longer here,
Fare well, god be with ye. he goeth out
Dalila. Alas wretched wretche that I am,
commeth in ragged, her face, hid, or disfigured, sitting on a stole. Most miserable caitife that euer was borne,
Full of payne and sorow, croked and lome.
Stuft with diseases in this world forlorne.
My senowes be shronken, my flesh eaten with pocks
My bones ful of ache, & great payne,
My head is bald, that bare yelowe lockes,
Croked I crepe to the earth agayne,
Mine eie sight is dimme, my hands tremble & shake
My stomake abhorreth all kynd of meate:
For lacke of clothes, great colde I take.
When appetide serueth, I can get no meate.
Where I was fayre and amiable of face,

Now

Now am I foule and horrible to se,
Ah, this I haue I deserued for lacke of grace,
Iustly for my sinnes god doth plague me.
My parentes did tidle me, they were to blame,
In steade of correction, in yll did me maintaine:
I fell no naught, and shall dye with shame
yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and payne.
The worme of my conscience ỹ shall neuer dye,
Accuseth me dayly more and more:
So oft haue I sinned wilfully,
That I feare to be damned for euermore.
what wofull wight art thou: tell me, Barna-
That here most greuously doest lament, bas.
Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the,
By the word of god omnipotent:
Although your tyme ye haue mispent,
Repent and amend while ye haue space,
And god wyll restore you to health and grace.
To tell you who I am I dare not for shame, Dalila.
But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this case,
Full ofte for my wantonnes you dyd me blame,
yet to take your councel I had not the grace,
To be restored to health, alas it is past,
Disease hath brought me into suche decay,
Helpe me with your almose, while my lyfe doth laste
That like a wretche as I am, I may go my way.
Shewe me your name sister I you pray, Barna-
And I wil helpe you now at your nede, bas.
Both body and soule wyl I fede.
your haue named me already, if I dust be so bold Dalila,
you sister Dalila, that wreche I am,
My wanton nice toyes ye knew of olde,

Alas brother they haue brought me to thys shame,
whē you went to scole, my brother & I wold play
Sweare, chide, & scodle with man and woman,
To do shrewde turnes, our delyte was alwaye,
yet were we tidled, and you beaten newe than,
Thus our parentes letts vs do what we woulde,
And you by correction they kepte vnder awe:
when we grewe bigge, we were sturdye and bolde
By father and mother we set not a strawe,
Small matter for me, I am past,
But your brother and mine is in gread ieoperdy:
In daunger to come to shame at the last,
He frameth hys liuyng so wyckedly.
arna- Well liker, I euer feared ye would be nought,
s. your lewde behauiours sore greue my hart:
to trayn you to goodnes, al meanes haue I sought,
But in vaine, yet wyl I play a brotherly part.
For ỹ the soul is more precyous, moste derely bought
with the bloud of Christe, dying therfore:
To saue it first, a meane must be sought,
At gods hand by Christe, mannes onely sauior.
Consider Dalila, goddes fatherly godnes,
which for your good, hath brought you in thys case,
Scourged you with hys rod of pure loue doubtles,
that ones knowing your self, ye might cal for grace,
ye seme to repent, but I doubt whater,
For your sinnes, or for the misery ye be in:
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,
For these plagues be but the reward of sinne,
But so repent that ye sinne no more,
And then beleue with stedfast faith:
That god wyll forgeue you for euermore,

For

For Chrystes sake, as the scripture sayth.
As for your bodye, if it be curable,
I wyll cause to be healed, or during your life:
I wyl clothe you, and fete you as I am able,
Come sister, go with me, ye haue nede of relief.
As a iudge of the countrey here am I come,
Sent by the kynges Maiestye, Justyce to do:
Chiefly to procede in iudgement of a felon,
I tary for the verdite of the quest ere I go.
Go baily, know whether they be all a greed or no
If they be so, byd them come away
And bring their prisoner, I wold hear what they say
I go my Lord, I go, to soone for one,
He is lyke to play a cast, wil breake his necke bone,
I beseche your lordshyp be good to hym,
The man is come of good kynne,
If your Lordshyp would be so good to me,
As for my sake to set hym free,
I could haue .xx. pount in a purse,
yea, and your Lordshyp a right faire horse,
Well worth ten pound.
Get the away thou hell hound,
If ye were well examined and tried,
Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spyed,
Bribes (saith Salomon) blind ye wise mans sight
That he can not se to geue iudgement right,
Should I be a bribar: nay, he shall haue the law
As I owe to god and the kyng obedience and awe.
ye be tyed fayre ynough for rummyng away
If ye do not after me, ye wyll be hanged I dare say
If thou tell no tales, but holde thy toungue,
I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe,

Though thou be iudged to dye anon,
dge. Come on sirs, I pray you come on,
Be you all agreed in one? one of the speketh
yea my Lord, euery chone, for the quest.
dge. Where Ismael was intided by xii. men,
Of felony, burglary, and murdre,
As thinditement declareth, howe, where, and when
ye heard it read to you lately in ordre:
you with the rest, I trust all true men,
Be charged vpō your othes to giue verdyte directly,
e for the a Whether Ismael therof be gilty or not gilty,
niqui. Gilty (my Lord) and most gilty,
dge. Wilt thou hange my Lord, horeson naddy?
niqui. The lorde haue mercy vpon the,
dge. Cusshe, holde thy tonge and I warrant the
Thou shalt go to the place thou camst fro,
Tyl to morow. ix. of the clocke, there to remain,
To the place of execution then shalt thou gon
There be hanged to death, and after again,
Being dead, for ensample, to be hanged in a chain.
Take hym away, and se it be done,
At your perill that may fall thereupon.
smael Though I be iudged to dye, I require respite,
For the hinges aduantage in thinges I can recite,
niqui. A way with him he wyll speake but of spyte,
dge. well, we will heare you say what you can.
But se that ye wrongfully accuse no man,
smael I wyll be lye no man, but thys I may say,
Here standeth he that brought me to thys waye:
niqui. My Lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue,
The feare of death doth make hym raue,
smael His naughtye company and playe at dice,

Dyd

Dyd me first to stealyng entice.
He was to me at roberies, I say it to his face,
yet can I say more in tyme & space,
Thou hast said to much, I beshrew thi horlous face Iniqu
Hange him my Lord, out of the way,
The thief careth not what he doth say
Let me be hangman, I wil teathe him a sleight,
For feare of talkyng. I wil strangle him streight,
Tary here that lyst, for I wyl go. he would go.
No no my frend, not so, Judg
I thought alwayes ye should not be good,
And now it wil proue, I se by the rood, They to him in a ter he fig teth to th
Take him and lay him in prons stronge,
We wil talke with you more ere it be longe,
He that layeth handes on me in this place, Iniqu
Iche lay my brawlyng pron on his face:
By gogs bloud I defye thy worst,
If thou shouldest hange me I were a curst.
I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this,
And quychely aloft again by gisse:
I haue mo frendes then ye thynke I haue,
I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue:
yea, within this moneth I may say to you,
I wyl be your seruaunt, and your maister to,
ye, crepe into your brest, wyl ye haue it so?
I way with them both, leade them away, Judge
At his death tell me what he doth say,
For then be lyke he wyll not lye,
I care not for you both, no not a fly: they lead the Iniqui
If no man haue here, more matter to say (out. Judge
I must go hence some other way. he goeth out
Hah ha, though I come in rudely be not agast, worldly
I must worke a feate in al the hast, shame.

I

I haue caught two bydes, I wyll set for the dame,
If I catche her in my clutche, I wyl her tame.
Of all thys whyle know ye not my name?
I am right worshipfull maister worldly shame,
The matter that I come now about,
Is euen thys, I put you out of dought.
There is none Xantippe, a curst shrew,
I thynke al the world doth her knowe,
Suche a iade she is, and so curst a quene,
She would out scold the deuils dame I wene.
Sirs thys fine woman, had babes three,
Twayne the derest darlinges that might be.
Ismael and faire Dalila, these two,
With thy loute Barnabas, I haue nothyng to do.
Alwas good, that these tidlynges do might,
Sweare, lye, steale, scolde or fight:
Cardes, dyce, hysse, clippe and so furth,
All this our Mammy would take in good worth.
Now sir, Dalila my daughter is dead of ꝑ pockes
And my son hanged in chaynes, & waueth his lockes
These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame
That she shal be thyne owne mayster worldly shame,
Hah ha ha.

Xantippe commeth in

Peace, peace, she comweth hereby,
I spoke no word of her, no not I,
Oh Maistres Xantippe, I can tell you nedes,
The kayse wenche your dere daughter Dalila,
Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes,
And thy sonne Ismael, that preaty boy
Whom I dare say you loued very well,
Is hanged in chaynes, euer man can tell.
Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore

And

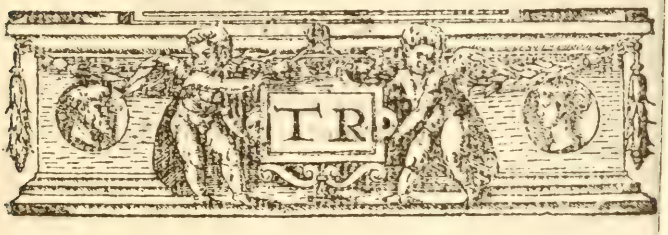
And thy sonne a strong thiefe, & a murderer to
It must nedes greue you wonderous sore,
That they died so shamefully both two:
Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now
The cause of their death, was euen berye you.
Fātippy
Is the cause of their death? She wold sowne
Will ye sowne, the deuyl stop thy breath?
worldly
Thou shalt die (I trow) with more shame
shame.
I wyl get me hence out of the way,
If the whore should dye, men would me blame,
That I killed her, knaues should say. Exit.
Alas alas, and weale away,
Fātippe
I may curse the time that I was borne,
Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say,
Alas two of my children be forlorne.
My faire daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes,
My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes,
Alas the wynd waueth his yelow lockes,
It fleaeth my heart, and breaketh my braynes.
Why should god punish & plague me so sore?
To se my children dye so shamefully,
I wil neuer eate bread in this world more
Vp this knife wyl I slay my self by & by. She wold stick her self a with a knife.
Beware what ye do, eye mother eye,
Wyl ye spyl your selfe for your own offence
Barnabas.
And seme for euer to exclude gods mercy,
God doth punysh you for your negligence:
Wherfore take his correction with pacience,
And thanke him hertely, that of his godnes
He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespas.
For when my brother & sister were of yonge age,
you saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,

Would apply no learnyng, but liue in outrage,
And men complagned on them euery day,
ye winked at theyr faultes, and tolled them alway,
By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll,
So at last gods Iustice did them both spill.
In that god preserued me, small thanke to you
If god had not geuen me speciall grace,
To auoyd euil, and do good, this is true,
I had liued and dyed in as wretched case:
As they did, for I had both sufferaunce and space,
But it is an olde prouerbe, you haue herd it I think
That god wyl haue se, shall not wynke.
yet in this we may al take comfort,
They toke great repentaunce I heard say,
And as for my sister, I am able to report,
She lamented for her sinnes, to her dyng day:
To repent and beleue I exorthed her alway,
Before her death she beleued that god of his mercy
For Christes sake, would saue her eternally.
If you do euen so, ye nede not despaire,
For god will frely remitte your sinnes all,
Christe hath payed the raunsom, why shuld ye fear.
To beleue this and do well, to god for grace call.
Al worldly cares let passe and fall,
And thus comfort my father, I pray you hertely,
Tatiype I haue a lytle to say, I wyl come by and by.
Worthy Eute, Right gentle audience, by thys Interlude ye mayse
How daungerous it is, for the frailtye of youth,
Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye,
Suche chaunces as these, oft happen of truth
Many miscary, it is the more ruth,
By negligence of their elders, & not taking payne,

In

In tyme good learnyng & qualities to attayne.
Therfore exhortyng al parentes to be diligent,
In bringing vp their children, yea to be circumspect
Least they fall to euill, be not negligent,
But chastice them before they be fore infect:
Accept their well doing in yll them reiect,
A ponge plant ye may platte & bowe as ye wyll,
Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll
Euen so by children, in theyr tender age,
ye may worke them like waxe, to your own entent
But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage,
They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent:
O ye children, let your tyme be well spent,
Applye your learnyng and your elders obey,
It wil be your profit an other day.
Now, for the Quenes Royal maiestie let vs pray, He kneleth downe
That god (in whose handes is ỹ hart of al Quenes,)
Maye endue her highnes w̄ godly puissance alwaye
that her grace may long raign & prosper in al things
In gods word & iustice may giue light to al Quenes
Let vs pray for the honorable councel & nobilitie,
That they may alwayes coūsel in wisdō w̄ trāquility, He makeh curtesy a goeth ou
God saue the Quene, the Realme and comunaltie,

Finis.



A songe.

It is good to be mery,
But who can me mery?
He that hath a pure conscience,
He may well be mery.

Who hath a pure conscience tel me?
No man of him self, I ensure the,
Then must it folow of necessitie,
That no man can be mery.

Puritie it self may purenes geue,
you must aske it of God in true beleue,
Then wyl he geue it, and none repreue,
And so we may be mery.

What is the practice of a conscience pure?
To loue and feare God, and other allure,
And for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour,
Then may he well be mery.

What shall he haue, that can and wil do this
After this life, euerlasting blisse,
yet not by desert, but by gyft ywisse,
There god make vs all mery.

Finis

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